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"Milly looked charming, so the on-lookers said."—p. 230.

ESTHER WEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE."

CHAPTER XXX.—THE FRIENDS.

THE first thing which Constance Vaughan did on her return was to visit Esther. During those weeks of separation she had longed for her as it is supposed that women long only for their lovers; for, in treating of women, the cynical vein has prevailed so much of late, that many find it hard to credit that they are capable of friendship at all. Friendships are formed every day, nevertheless, between

women—and broken the next, interpolates the cynic—which exceed those of men in intensity, if not in durability. Be that as it may, Constance was one of those natures, rare in either sex, if you will, in whom friendship is a passion. She almost flew to find her friend.

The house she had little difficulty in finding; but Esther was not there. She was in "the new school," so a rather drooping girl in a soiled black frock informed her. The building dignified with this title was neither more nor less than the broken-down workshop at the end of the court, which had undergone a thorough repair, and during the last few weeks of Mrs. West's life had been, at her cost, fitted up as a schoolroom for Mary Potter. It was a longish, low building, with windows on either side, and bare, whitewashed walls. But it looked clean and well ventilated—that is to say, all the windows were open at the top, and Constance could hear the hum of the school-children as she stood without.

When she entered, Esther was standing at the end of the room, endeavouring to rouse the minds of a set of very spiritless little girls, while Mary, near the entrance, sat, the centre of a similar circle. Esther speedily became aware of her presence by an access of inattention on the part of her class, the wandering eyes all turning in one direction, to look at the stranger.

"Let me wait," said Constance—their greeting restrained by the presence of the children—"let me wait till your lesson is done."

And Constance sat down, while Esther strove to go on with her task. But the effort was useless. It was close upon the hour of dismissal, and the little girls had had their attention roused only to be diverted into quite another channel. They were busy examining every detail of the visitor's attire—one to whom the great opportunity had occurred, even taking her dress between her fingers to ascertain of what manner of material it was.

Esther therefore gave the welcome signal for dismissal a little before the accustomed hour, and not without a sigh of relief found herself alone with Constance. She had introduced the latter to her mother; but Mary, after a few sentences of commonplace, had left them together, not without leaving a favourable impression on the mind of her daughter's friend. Constance had been watching her while she waited, and Mary, with the smaller scholars clustered round her knee, had looked like a statue of Charity teaching. Then she had glanced from the mother to the daughter, discovering a deep-seated likeness between them, which the years would in all probability make deeper still, though a cultivated mind, or a firmer nature, made Esther appear the grander and sterner of the two.

Left alone together, to use a sacred phrase, "they fell upon each other's necks and wept." Both had

passed through an agitating period, in which the whole aspect of their lives had changed; and there are some, even among the young, whom change touches strangely, even if it be happy change.

Esther was the first to recover, and she led the way into a little room, a portion of the building walled off, and bare as the rest. To this she introduced Constance as her study.

"It was not furnished when poor mamma died, and it must remain as it is for the present," she explained, as Constance looked round on the bare walls, the two chairs, and the deal table, heaped with school-books, which constituted its furniture.

"And are you happy?" was the first question Constance asked, when they had spent some time in telling each other all that had taken place since they had parted.

"I am busy," Esther answered, with a smile. "I have a great deal to do before and after school-hours. I find how much it is necessary to know in order to do anything well. I find I must prepare to teach even those children."

"And do you spend your time here?" asked her friend, in consternation.

"A good deal of it at present," she answered. "It is not so uncomfortable as it seems. I prefer bareness to ugliness; one can paint bare walls with one's own devices, and fill empty corners with images of their own, when you can't banish the horrible devices and deformities invented by other people. Over the way there, in the parlour at home, there is a hideous paper, huge tea-urns piled on the top of each other, crowned and ornamented with flowers which have the peculiarity of transforming themselves into horrible bloodstained faces. Will you come with me," she added, "and make acquaintance with the family?"

"I will come again," said Constance. "I expect Harry and Kate to call for me," she added, with hesitation. "It was Harry himself who proposed it."

Just then the door of the schoolroom opened, and some one advanced. It was Harry himself, and Kate followed him at a little distance. They had been shopping, and had driven up to the alley in a carriage and pair, to the great edification of the neighbours. Kate was unusually radiant and exceedingly well dressed. Even before her marriage she had begun to assume the more elaborate toilette, which was her taste, and which suited her. Harry looked back at her, as she came sweeping up the schoolroom, with evident admiration. It heightened his good humour.

"How pale you are looking!" he cried, turning to Esther, as she advanced to meet them. "How dismal it must be for you to be shut up here all day. Won't you come and take a drive with us?"

His speech was questionable enough in taste, forcing on Esther as it did the change in her position; but as he rattled on, his talk had the effect

of putting the others at their ease. Kate and Esther met without much embarrassment. Harry himself was the least embarrassing of human beings, and so Esther was rather glad than otherwise that he had come, and that a meeting which she had dreaded was over.

Harry had felt a little sore with Esther. His self-love had been wounded. He was capable of resentment, and making his resentment felt by the object of it. But Esther had disarmed him. She had no air of conquest. In that black, nun-like dress, every fold of which from her white throat to her feet an artist would have loved, she was such a foil to his brilliant betrothed that Harry was quite satisfied with her. Perhaps after all she had refused him out of modesty, was a thought just latent in his heart.

Then, as for Kate, she honestly thought that Esther's loss had been her gain, and she was too good to feel pleasure in another's loss, though she did triumph a little in her own gain. The meeting with Esther had been rather a trouble to her. She too was satisfied to get so lightly over it. Esther did not seem to feel it at all; but then Esther had been always very cool and calm, and she seemed cooler and calmer than ever. Kate resolved to befriend Esther on the spot. She would no doubt have it in her power to show her kindness, and Kate liked being kind.

So they parted quite harmoniously, Esther refusing the drive which Kate had urged upon her, on the plea of having to give a music-lesson to a pupil who came in the evening, and Constance promising to return very soon.

The preparations for the double wedding had begun in earnest. Herbert left the arrangement of his modest little mansion entirely to Milly, being called upon occasionally to admire, and duly admiring whatever was put before him. And Milly's taste was very pretty, leaning a little too much, Kate would say, to white muslin and simplicity, a fault which she would certainly have avoided. But Kate and Harry had resolved not to begin housekeeping at once, but to go abroad for some time, spending the winter at Rome, and returning only when they were weary of foreign travel. So Kate had only her personal appointments to look after, and she entered into the details with a zest which caused Constance no little wonderment. She seemed to her to bestow more thought on the making of a dress than she had done on the making of her marriage itself. She seemed determined not to think.

Then the great question of bridesmaids had to be decided. There was one bride the more, and one bridesmaid the less, owing to the sisters being married on the same day, and it was agreed, or rather Kate had ruled, that they could not possibly do without four a-piece, though Milly would have been quite contented with Constance and Esther, as

at first proposed. There was some discussion as to whether Esther ought to be asked, all things considered; but it had been decided that she ought, as, if it would be painful to her in any degree, she had the option of refusing. And Esther did refuse.

"I cannot put off this mourning yet," she said to Constance, who had been deputed to ask her; "and I am not sure of myself. I do not spend my time in vain regrets, as you know, but I need not court a break-down."

"Then you will come to us from Saturday till Monday," said her friend. "You will come and see us all together for the last time. I am sure we shall never be so happy again."

"Never so carelessly happy, I dare say," said Esther; "but we may all have deeper joys."

They were in the schoolroom, empty because it was Saturday afternoon, Constance waiting to be picked up by her sisters and Harry, driving about as usual, when Philip looked in, and would have withdrawn again, seeing that Esther was engaged. But she recalled him. It was the first time he had sought her, and he had doubtless some end to accomplish. She was unwilling that he should be turned away. He obeyed her recall a little awkwardly, and then only to say, with the fault in his utterance more apparent than ever—

"I came to ask you about the schoolroom, Miss Potter; but another time will do as well."

"My friend is waiting," said Esther. "I am quite disengaged."

She waited for him to go on.

"I have been thinking, as the winter comes on, that I would like to have a roof over my head, and that perhaps you would let me have the schoolroom on a Sunday evening."

"To preach in?" said Esther, a ready assent in her smile.

"No, to teach in," he answered. "I don't mean to set up an opposition church; though I go out into the highways and hedges, it is only to compel them to come in. But a Sunday-school is sadly wanted here, and I thought you might let the room to me for a small sum."

"You may have it for nothing," she replied.

"I would rather pay for it," he answered, bluntly.

"We are very much indebted to you, Mr. Ward," rejoined Esther, "and you must not refuse to be indebted to us for so small a favour. I will make one condition," she added, quickly, as if a bright idea had come to her; "you must allow me to help you. We shall share the school between us; you shall take the boys, and I shall take the girls."

The sort of white light, which was Philip Ward's smile, came into his face as he thanked her, without a shadow of his former awkwardness.

"When shall we begin?" asked Esther.

"Not to-morrow, perhaps, but next Sunday," he replied.

"Don't you think she works hard enough already?" Constance interposed.

"Time is very precious," said Philip. "We must work while it is day," he added, in a low tone; "the night cometh, in which no man can work."

Constance had heard the sentiment worded before; she had never come across the conviction. She had never seen a man who would neither spare himself nor others because of it. She felt almost ashamed to say that she claimed Esther for the Sunday following.

"Yes, I shall be in the country," said Esther; "but the Sunday after that I shall be at my post."

Philip bowed to Esther and her friend, and turned to go. Near the doorway he encountered Kate and Harry, and stood aside, cap in hand, to let them pass.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ESTHER DROPPED.

REDHURST wore the russet of October when Esther drove up to its gate on the Saturday following. Constance had driven to the station to meet her, and had made a slight *détour*, whose pretext was a rather better road, in order to avoid Esther's old home. But "The Cedars" made a point in the landscape, and Esther could not help seeing them. She pointed them out to Constance, dark among the bright, sombre among the gay, but steadfast when all else was changing. "You must help me to steal away some time," she said. "I should like to visit the place, and stand under the old trees."

Constance promised, but with a certain amount of reluctance, which might have been accounted for by a desire to spare the feelings of her friend. And so, to some extent, it was. The truth was that Harry had already sold the place, and disposed of its furniture without reservation. Like everything he did, it was done on the spur of the moment, and with no space left for repentance. Seeing that the broadest of hints was unavailing, Constance had plainly said that she thought there were many things in the old home which ought to belong to Esther; but Harry had refused blankly to consider that she had the slightest claim. It was becoming more and more clear that he was not in the least degree generous; that he needed far too much for himself to be a liberal giver; and that, though rich, he was one of those people who are always in poverty. Constance, in her secret heart, had thought it shameful that Harry should step into Mrs. West's property, and never consider her wishes with regard to Esther. She had blushed for her sister's future husband when he had sold up everything, even to the books which should have borne Esther's name.

And what Kate thought of these things no one knew. It was too delicate a matter to be discussed in the family circle. "Such discussions only provoke alienation," was Mr. Vaughan's wise conclu-

sion. Give sufficient light—mental, moral, and spiritual—and then let every nature act itself out freely, was the maxim he had carried out in his family, and hitherto with the best results. But he, too, was anxious, as he saw more clearly into Harry's nature. There is such a thing as wilful blindness. Perhaps Kate was shutting her eyes to the faults of this curious, complex character. Complex by reason of its very smallnesses and weaknesses, as one knows a riddle or a puzzle may be. In after-days Mr. Vaughan blamed himself that he had not tried to open her eyes, however roughly, and to change her course, even by the harshest exercise of parental authority.

Herbert and Harry were with the Vaughans as usual, and Constance and Esther were left a good deal to themselves—more, indeed, than the former thought altogether fair. She had grown wonderfully sensitive for her friend, and railed at love and lovers till Esther laughed. But her sensitiveness was caused by a knowledge of the altered position which Esther held in the eyes of the village magnates, and of the possible pain which she might suffer in the course of discovering it, for the pain suffered in such cases is more often proportioned to the sensitiveness of the victim than to the power of the inflictor. Constance knew by this time—and it was wonderful how the knowledge had shaken that faith in humankind which all generous hearts begin with—that there were few families in Hurst who had welcomed Esther the heiress, who would give a like welcome to Esther the penniless teacher—the daughter of a bricklayer. In the course of the past weeks many were the stabs, stabs at which her father's hair would have stood on end, which Constance had given to avenge her friend on the dames of Hurst. They had shown no sympathy with an utterly faultless misfortune. They had shown plenty of idle, and some ill-natured curiosity, and they had set Constance Vaughan at war with her kind.

Therefore the Vaughans, who were one and all above this sort of thing, kept Esther entirely to themselves, as far as the families in the neighbourhood were concerned. They made a large party at morning service at the village church. There it was inevitable that Esther should encounter these people, out of whose sphere she had dropped, and Constance was prepared to cover her retreat with her sharpest fire. But she got leave to keep her ammunition. There was a good deal of furtive staring at Esther, as she sat in her deep mourning in Mr. Vaughan's pew, which Constance diverted by looking the starers straight out of countenance. But outside the church no one stopped to speak. A few, whom it behoved to be specially careful, as mothers of grown-up sons to whom beauty was still an attraction, had hastened away. Distant bows were all that greeted Esther on her re-appearance. She felt the coldness of some

among them, but not as Constance felt it for her. As yet she had received no direct repulse. She hardly knew from what quarter a chill had fallen upon her. Mr. Moss, hobbling past on his stick, alone gave her his accustomed "good morning, miss."

The October sunshine was still warm on that western-fronting lawn, and the party gathered there in the afternoon, with books which they did not read, and which soon lay piled on one of the garden-chairs, a medley of colours and tastes. They had not been there long, however, when visitors were announced, or rather announced themselves, by the sound of wheels, first on the road without, and then on the gravel within the grounds. It was Benjamin Carrington and his mother. They had established the privilege of calling on Sundays after service, and now they had come to pay a sort of farewell visit to the family.

Mrs. Carrington did not exhibit any surprise at Esther being there—in fact, she was quite aware of it, but she was not one of those who would stay away rather than not encounter any one whom she did not particularly wish to see. She was what is called a woman of spirit, which generally means a woman capable of inflicting any amount of pain without wincing. She met Esther in a perfectly unrestrained way, but without the slightest allusion to anything that had taken place. She had taken care, however, to make herself fully acquainted with all Esther's doings. She might even have pitied her had she acted differently, but her unaccountable choice of her own poor relations, seemed to Mrs. Carrington positively disgraceful. "What an extraordinary girl," she had said to her son; and when she had said that, she had expressed the very acme of disapprobation. An extraordinary person was in Mrs. Carrington's eyes obnoxious—obnoxious as an Irish giantess or an American dwarf.

Mr. Carrington wore the languid air, the air of being habitually bored, which was peculiar to him in society, as they went on talking for some time the nothings which people do talk at morning calls, in which the faint germs of interest in the nature of personal experiences are usually nipped in the bud. But Harry was a child of nature, that most troublesome, if sometimes most interesting, specimen of humanity, and he could not long allow matters to run in the peaceful groove of conventionalism.

"Do you know that Esther has found a hero in humble life?" he said, apropos of nothing, in order to enliven the conversation.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Carrington, coldly. She did not like Harry much, though his sex protected him from her utmost severity.

"Oh, I hope not," said Mr. Palmer. "We are all done to death with heroes in humble life. I would like to see a hero in good broadcloth, for a change."

"What is he like?" said Mr. Carrington, shaking himself up.

The question had drawn all eyes upon Esther, but she neither coloured nor looked conscious.

"Like St. Paul a little, I fancy," she replied, and Mrs. Carrington felt that she deserved nothing short of annihilation on the spot.

"Kate, you saw him the other day," said Harry.

Kate looked bewildered. "Was it that grimy little man who stood aside to let me pass?"

"Exactly," he laughed, and the others laughed with him.

"His face is certainly noble when it lights up," said Constance, coming to the rescue.

"What! you have seen him too?" said Mr. Carrington.

"Seen him, and been rebuked by him for idleness."

"What an insufferable prig," said Herbert.

"Oh, I am sick of that word," said Constance.

"Men are so afraid of it, that they have not courage to be serious, far less heroic."

"I think the subject of your discussion would be the first to deny that there was anything heroic about him," said Esther. "He is simply penetrated with the idea of Christianity—the spirit of self-sacrifice, till his life seems a new reading of the gospels. I know that Christianity never appeared so real to me before, such a power to lift and save the world."

Esther's enthusiasm kindled as she spoke, till her colour rose, and her great grey eyes glittered with its light, confirming Mrs. Carrington's opinion that she was dangerous. If she had looked behind at her languid and fashionable son, she would have seen a kindred light upon his face, which was quenched by Harry's next remark.

"He stammers, and drops his h's, does he not?" said Harry.

Esther blushed with anger. She had noticed the latter failing herself, and despised herself for feeling it a painful one; though, strangely enough, it disappeared in Philip's higher moods.

Mr. Carrington saved her a reply. "Oh, that letter h," he said, in a tone of lightly ringing scorn, which was yet full of bitterness, "it outweighs with us the Sermon on the Mount."

"How can you say such dreadful things, Benjamin?" said his mother, playfully, as she rose to go. "Use is second nature." The old lady was interested in the former vapid tittle-tattle. She would have been dreadfully bored by a discussion, which her son would have enjoyed, on the compatibility or incompatibility of Christianity with modern life, and how to keep the two things, culture and Christianity, from diverging further and further.

Mrs. Carrington had just taken a house in town, as her son was finding it more and more inconvenient to live at a distance from the scene of his active life.

She was not coming to the wedding, though he was, and, therefore, she was bidding the Vaughans farewell for a season.

"We shall all be scattered next week," she exclaimed, with an attempt at pathos; "but I hope we shall meet again after a time." She kissed the brides affectionately, and hoped to see them on their return, holding Kate's hand the longest, because Kate was to be absent for the longest period. Kate too, had been her favourite among the sisters.

Then she turned to Constance, who was standing next to Esther. "You will be sure to come and see me whenever you come to town," she said. "I hope you will make my house your head-quarters. I shall always be delighted to see you, and you know I am left a good deal alone."

Last of all she held out her little hand to Esther. "Good-bye," she said, blandly. "I believe you are resident in London now," she added, by way of doing her cutting neatly and deliberately; "but I fear I shall not see much of you."

"It is not likely," said Esther, quietly, returning her good-bye, and looking down at the little lady, whose quick, bright eyes wavered under Esther's calm gaze, which was sad too, if the other could have met it. Esther had no resentment for small

personal matters. It hurt her more to think that others were unkind, than to experience an unkindness.

Esther went home, convinced that she had left her old life completely behind her—that all the pleasant people whom she had known were nothing to her now—had, in fact, dropped her, and would soon be as ignorant of her existence as if she had gone to the bottom of the sea. It was a bitter enough experience to a large and loving nature, an experience which would have rankled in one less sweet and healthful. If the winnowing fan of circumstance had blown away the chaff, it had left the wheat. After a time, she judged them not at all—the surest way to get rid of all bitterness of spirit. The Vaughans, and especially Constance, remained her friends.

On the Tuesday following, the two weddings came off with great éclat. There was no crying, for no mammas were present. Milly looked charming, so the on-lookers said. That epithet could hardly be applied to Kate, but she was by far the most moved of the two. Then the wedded pairs set off in different directions—Milly and Herbert to the Isle of Wight, for a brief holiday; Kate and Harry to Dover, en route for Paris, their first halting-place.

(To be continued.)

A WORD UPON FEAR.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

THE old witch days are over now. We don't burn witches, and we don't believe in them. We should have first to catch our witch—which we cannot do. We are sorry for what our fathers did—sorry that even divines like the good Wesley had a certain sort of belief in witches, and that for so long a period the witch superstition reigned. When we read of all the cruelties that were perpetrated in days gone by upon those who were reputed witches, and who didn't wish to be so reputed—when we read with bated breath of their tortures, we feel a flush of indignation coming to our cheeks that such atrocities should ever have been committed in the name of religion. A moment or two's reflection makes us somewhat doubtful about all the better blessings of the "Merrie England" of the olden time, and we feel that we would far rather live now, in the higher light and broader knowledge of the nineteenth century.

We must not be too hard, however, upon our mistaken fathers. Had we lived then, should we have burnt the witches? Most probably we should. Bewitchings and exorcisings belonged to generations not so very far from our own age.

But it is not with the Stuart kings, whose touch could cast out disease, nor witches, who could introduce or exorcise ghosts, that we have to do in this paper: there are other and better exorcisms than these. We are told especially of one, which has the advantage of being real, and which needs no other test than experience to prove its power: it is that perfect love which casteth out fear. The exorcism of fear, then, as one of the sublimest workings of Christianity, forms the subject of this paper. We are not surprised that the lesson is taught us by the Apostle of Love—the venerable St. John, the father of the faith, who, crowned with the silvery locks of time, breathed forth the beautiful admonition: "Little children, love one another; for love is of God."

There is more fear in the world than we wot of. It is marvellous how human features can conceal human agonies; and how, sometimes, beneath the sceptical or sarcastic treatment of the Gospel, there may be latent heart-fear about God's judgment upon sin. The world is not so inwardly quiescent as it sometimes seems; there are pulsings in the feverish places of the heart where every beat brings pain. There are mystic dreads which no language can define, visions which no veils can hide. It is common enough in this day

to speak thoughtlessly about retribution, to treat of terror as mere superstition or nightmare of the mind. We may move in a drugged atmosphere until we feel its fumes affecting ourselves. We may bring out the merciful features of Christianity so as to conceal the moral retributions which, with equal clearness, it reveals. We may wildly utter a cry of peace, which the heart echoes not. The peaceful St. John does not shrink from putting the dark side. Though Love's apostle, he has brought out into sharpest contrast the children of darkness and the children of the light. He shows, however, the secret of the light—the peace, the restfulness, the joy of the Christian life—is in the exorcism of fear by love. The sentence in itself breathes the certainty of success. "Perfect love casteth out fear." That is, the measure of the power of love is the measure of the feebleness of fear, until perfect love, so supposed, exorcises it altogether. We cannot suppose that the irreverent, free-and-easy, glib and unctuous man, who interprets this as an invitation to be impertinent to God, has the least ground to stand upon. Men who speak about having half an hour's talk with God, and even use the unhallowed expression, "dear God," are out of the pale of any wise reproof; the rhinoceros hide of their ignorance cannot be pierced; they cannot be made to understand that even in human society there is such a thing as reverence, and that kindness and considerateness do not mean equality. No, in relation to God the casting out of fear does not mean the casting out of devout reverence and awe.

The exorcism of fear has many beautiful functions; for instance, it turns duty into joy. A slave works and feels no interest or happiness in his toil, but a child's heart goes with a child's hand. A slave trembles lest his work should be part-done or ill-done, and he is not sure that he shall escape punishment after all. The child works with a cheerful face, and a ready will, and an untravelling heart; he is in the old home-field, look-up to his father, who walks up and down amidst his children there; and at evening the supper will be ready, and the restful hours will come when they will joy together. Perfect love knows that being reconciled to God by the death of his Son, duty is gladsome, a ready proof of consecration, a meat and drink of daily life.

The exorcism of fear further does away with the dark shadows of the past. Every life has such shadows. It is quite impossible to obliterate them ourselves; as well may a child try to dodge its own shadow in the sunshine. Even when criminals give themselves up to justice, the secular press is heard to utter its dictum, that the sting of penalty remains after sin. It is vain to endeavour to suppress the fact that fear is a large concomitant in most human histories.

There are times when all men feel the evil of their own heart, and tremble at the weak, foolish things they have said and done, and are astonished at the flaws and fractures in their best doings, and at the vain, wicked, indefensible lives they have been living. You have nothing to do but to watch the spirit of the world, and you will find it, ever and everywhere, a spirit of fear. We sometimes, indeed, see this fear constituted into a kind of religiousness, and men and women think they are religious, when they are actually only deprecating the wrath of God, and fancying that their slavish crouching before the throne of His Majesty will be acceptable to the great Father. The past which lies behind us may be darker than the blackest forest—a page more blurred than the most ink-stained page; but it is one of the glories of Christianity that in its atonement it not only gives motive-power for a new life and fresh possibilities of virtue, but also of the blotting out of the handwriting of trespasses against us. Light falls on the dark shadow of our past self, and the gloom is gone.

The exorcism of fear, embracing all its forms and forces, makes us strong. Fear! there is the general term, not alone the fear of sin and the dread of punishment, but all fear. Love makes us strong. Love is not the sign of a weak nature, as some suppose. It is fear that weakens; love energises. The strongest natures grow on the aliment of love; and when we conceive of perfect love, we may well think of it as the most triumphant force in the universe. If love, for instance, dies out of the heart, no other force can take its place. Decorous attentions to each other may for a time seem to be expressive of the reality of affection; but if love once is lost, if our hearts become bankrupt of that, all will soon collapse. So, too, is it in relation to religion. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Now, fear is a weakening power. The man's time and thought are taken up with terrible anticipations and forebodings; his service lacks heartiness and zeal; all he does is commonplace and slavish. Mere will-work fails unless the heart is given to God.

Is it possible to apply this exorcism of fear to the human side of life? I think it is: to life's hard battle, to its pressing cares, its gnawing anxieties, the fear which makes the heart haggard before the hair turns grey. Yes, perfect love, the love that, remembering the fatherhood of God, can ask, How much is a man better than a sheep? that can learn the moral of our Saviour's lesson, "Consider the lilies, how they grow;" or, "Your Father in heaven knoweth that ye have need of these things." This love can cast out the many dark forebodings incidental to most human lives.

There is, too, another fear which we know that love has trampled over, the mystic fear of what the dark grave may be a gateway to—the unseen land to which the winding, deepening valley leads. If it is so easy for nature to die, then there is no need to name this exorcism here. But it is not easy. A thousand thoughts about death leap trout-like out of the dark pool of the mind in the course of every day, a thousand voices in the hidden distance before us awaken distrust or fear. If, however, we can make experience a test of anything, if we can found an argument, or a pretty general Christian consciousness at the time even of dissolution, we need have no hesitation in saying, that at eventide fear flees away.

But why be so anxious for this exorcism of fear? Because we are told, on the highest authority, that fear hath torment. God wishes his children to be happy—very happy; even in tribulation to be peaceful. God, who has given us sunshine in nature, would not surely give us perpetual gloom in grace. There are many kinds of torment in this world, but of all fears that rise to royalty of power, religious fears are worst. That inability to shake off dependency, that ever-recurring doubt of one's own divine acceptance, that dwelling in Baca, that fitting to and fro in thought back to the old-world Egypt to see what we indulged in there, all this is worse than other misery by so much as the soul is greater and higher than the animal life.

"Fear hath torment." Yes, says one, torment such as no hand of yours can pen. There are

some nerves in the body which physical science teaches us can bear no strong application, not a touch, not even the light, which is the most ethereal of all substances; and there are nerves in the moral consciousness which once set to work are agony, and difficult to calm withal. "I was afraid, and hid myself." Yes, and what pain filled the once innocent heart of Adam then! Constitutional temperaments of course differ, and the possibilities of moral pain differ in intensity and degree; but any way fear hath torment, and the true well-wisher of his fellows would not bring any paltry anodyne of amusing books, or humorous friends, or even prescribe foreign travel to charm the fear away; he would know that any one, or all of these, could not in the end do it, charm they never so wisely. No; he would be wishful to point to the greatest of all the graces, charity, or love, and so exorcise fear, not by clever concealments of danger, not by superficial tricks of mental legerdemain, not by homœopathic doses of scepticism, not certainly by inglorious opiates, but by the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. The same Christ who cast out devils in the days of his flesh, is ready now to cast out the demons of pride and enmity, passion and prejudice, from the great heart of man, and to exorcise that dread fear which turns the soul into a prison house indeed—yea, into a torture-room, where worse than Inquisition horrors take place in the spirit of man. Let that fear be exorcised, and there is room for something else. The prison becomes a palace, even the palace of peace, because the Prince of Peace dwells there.

LINCOLN'S INN CHAPEL.

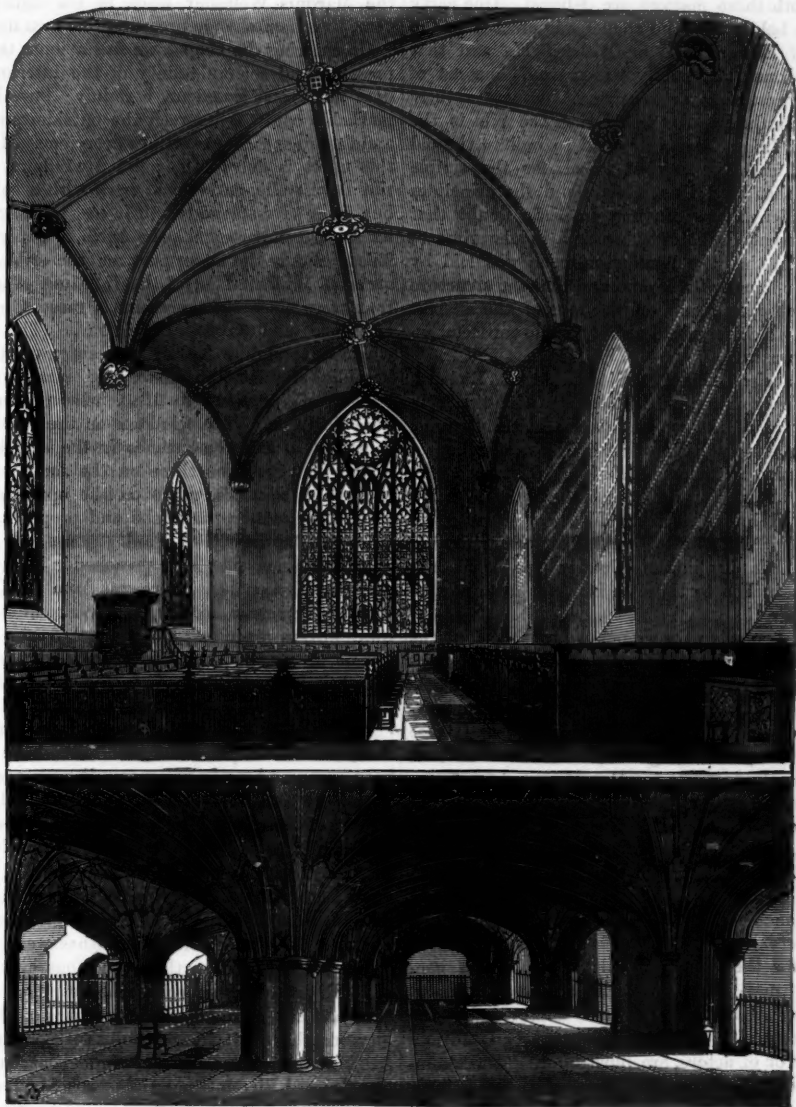
THE GRAVES OF SECRETARY THERLOE AND PRYNNE.

IF sermons in stones may be now and then expected, surely complaints from the same hard-hearted substances need not very much surprise us. If any stones could really cry out from the walls, those of Lincoln's Inn Chapel would justly utter a loud wail. The building reminds us of one of those victims who, in former ages, were buried alive in a brick or stone cell. A stranger may pass through Lincoln's Inn without once catching a glimpse of the chapel. The union between law and religion is very close here, the consecrated pile being hemmed in on every side by the Courts of Chancery and barristers' chambers. The chapel is therefore well guarded, though imprisoned. Perhaps no artist in England could spy out "a picturesque bit" in the exterior of this chapel, pent in as it is on all sides. The stately hall cannot be missed; the noble library is

visible enough—Stone Buildings need no herald; even Old Square and the sun-dial are open to all; but, as for the chapel, we can only be said to see that when we are inside.

Yet the ancient structure, which stood near the site of the present, must have been open to the view of all when Lincoln's Fields were a waste, on which the law students were forbidden to hunt rabbits.

This inn of court derives its name from an ancient mansion or "inn" of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, which he built on the site of the old convent of the Black Friars, and surrounded the house by a large garden, then producing "apples, pears, nuts, beans, onions, garlic, leeks, hemp, and roses," and also containing a fish-pond. The bishops of Chichester had a mansion here for many ages; but this, with other tenements, passed to Judge Sulgrave, whose descendants



LINCOLN'S INN CHAPEL.

conveyed the property to the benchers about the year 1580.

What is the date of this structure, and by whom was it designed? It may seem strange that both these matters are debated. One party asserts boldly that the chapel was erected in the time of Edward III. or Richard II., and that Inigo Jones shamefully "improved," instead of simply restoring or repairing. Others stoutly maintain the popular belief that the pile is the work of Inigo Jones, who tried to imitate the old pointed architecture, but failed, for the simple reason that he did not understand the principles of Gothic. There can now be little doubt that the present chapel was erected in the time of James I., that the foundation-stone was laid by the once-famous Dr. Donne, and that the structure does not even stand on the site of the ancient chapel, which remained until *after* the consecration of the present.

The ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Richard, has entirely disappeared. Some may inquire from what part of the world this St. Richard came. He was simply Richard de la Wick, a bishop of Chichester, in the middle of the thirteenth century, who having dwelt in the Inn, and being canonised by Pope Urban IV., was supposed to be willing and able to benefit his former earthly home. His day in the calendar was April 3rd; but we incline to think it is never kept now in the Inn.

Before entering the chapel, we must look at the open crypt, on which the pile stands. We cannot walk in and inspect the grave-stones, the whole being surrounded by iron railings. We can, however, see clearly the groined arches, and trace nearly every moulding and architectural outline. It certainly does not seem quite suited for "consultations," or pleasant promenades; yet here, in the time of Charles II., counsel met to compare "cases," clients to be consoled, and even sight-seers, like chatty Pepys, came to see the world. Tastes change, certainly; few counsel would now select such a place for discussing *Whiteacre v. Blackacre*. This crypt is reserved as a burial-place for the benchers only, which these gentlemen may probably deem a special honour. Thurloe, Home Secretary of State under the Commonwealth, and Prynne, hated of Laud and the terror of actors, are buried here. Did Cromwell himself ever walk beneath these gloomy arches when a young man? Tradition gives him chambers in the Inn.

Let us now proceed up the stairs to the chapel, noticing, as we pass, the cenotaph and tablet to the memory of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, a former member of the Inn, and prime minister, shot by Bellingham, in 1812, when entering the House of Commons. We must not pass without

one look at the tablet on the stairs, to the memory of Eleanor Louisa, aged eighteen, the fondly-loved daughter of Lord Brougham. The Latin inscription is remarkable, as having been composed by the Marquis Wellesley when in his eighty-first year, that immediately preceding his own decease.

On entering the chapel, we feel at once the impressive and solemn beauty of the interior. It does not reach grandeur, certainly; but the remarkable contrast between the outside tameness and the inner richness strikes every one. Much of this effect is due to the painted windows which tint floor, walls, and carved work with a subdued but expressive splendour. The east window, with its seven compartments, the circle of twelve trefoiled lights in the upper part, and the emblazoned arms of William III., of the Inn, and of all the treasurers since 1680, presents a mass of richly-combined and diversified colour. The west window, though less brilliant, suggests to the heraldic student the history of many of the "Readers" previous to 1680, whose arms are here displayed. The windows on the north and south tell of the great names in the long line of sacred history. The three on the south contain the twelve apostles, while on the opposite side stand the greater patriarchs and prophets, with John the Baptist and St. Paul.

Many eminent men have preached in this chapel. The first sermon heard here was from Dr. Donne, whose enthusiastic eulogist, Izaak Walton, describes him "always preaching as an angel, *from* a cloud, but not *in* a cloud." His book, entitled "Pseudo-Martyr" (false martyr), won the admiration of James I., who made Donne his chaplain.

As Lincoln's Inn pulpit has held some men of note, so the chapel stalls and seats have often been occupied by men of renown in past ages and in modern times. It is by no means unlikely that Cromwell himself may, when young, have been one of the congregation, and it is almost certain that his son Richard, and Secretary Thurloe, were often here. Sir Henry Spelman, deep in legal antiquities and in prejudices, may have frowned at Usher for even hinting that tithes were not of "right divine." Here the pugnacious and invincible Prynne, remembering the cropping of his ears, and his elevation to the honours of the pillory, may have felt himself fully entitled to wear a living martyr's crown. The timid, conscientious, and learned Sir Matthew Hale probably listened, in this chapel, to long discourses, proving the reality of witchcraft and the awful wickedness of all who had the least doubt upon the matter. In recent times, many of the greatest statesmen and lawyers of England must have met here. Lord Mansfield, the systematiser of our commercial law; Erskine, the eloquent; Pitt, at one period the hand and head of the empire; Lynd-

hurst, eminent in politics and great in law; Bentham, who laughed at and then struck down nonsense; Mackintosh, graceful in his learning; Campbell, the "plain" chancellor and laborious judge; and Brougham, around whose name law, literature, science, and politics have wreathed the garland. Such are but a few of the celebrated men who have formed at various times a part of the congregation in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.

The hats and hair of the members give the modern benchers no trouble at all; but matters were otherwise in the year 1588. Some members then not only persisted in keeping their hats on in the chapel, but even ventured on the audacity of wearing their hair long. It was resolved to stop such enormities, at least, in Lincoln's Inn; and therefore a solemn order was issued, prohibiting the wearing of hats, either in chapel or hall, and also the "abominable custom" of long hair. Should any member be obstinate on either matter, then let him be expelled from the Inn! Some people may think that, in the year 1588, when the Spanish Armada was threatening the existence of England, some higher subjects than "hats and hair" should have engaged the minds of the benchers. It is all very well for those living in 1869 thus to talk; but the hat-and-hair questions were deemed of high importance in old times, and long troubled the minds and consciences of our forefathers. Do not they even yet worry the feminine intellect, especially one of them? Who is ignorant of the *chignon* difficulty?

The names of Thurloe and Prynne are not household words in England now, but they made no small stir, the latter especially, in their own day. Their bodies rest in the crypt; and a glance at their lives will bring into view a few characteristics of their times.

John Thurloe, secretary to the Council of State under Cromwell, has at least given name to a square in Brompton—the only public memorial he is likely to obtain. We do not mention him here because he was a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, M.P. for the University of Cambridge, "Chief Postmaster of England," or Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, but on account of the sixty-seven folio volumes of state papers left by him, hidden in a false ceiling of a room above his chambers, in No. 13, Old Square. Although he died in these rooms, no hint seems to have been given of the concealed papers, either by himself or by those who must have aided in depositing the documents in such a place. Many years after Thurloe's death, the hidden treasure was discovered, sold to Lord Chancellor Somers, and at length printed in 1747, in seven volumes, under the title of "The Thurloe State Papers." By these the buried secretary still speaks to us of his own troubled and eventful times.

There is another reason for speaking of Thurloe. Would any readers like to see how the Government in Cromwell's time managed some Irish matters? Such will remember that Jamaica was wrested from the Spaniards in 1656, and Henry Cromwell, Lord Deputy in Ireland, was thereupon reminded by Thurloe that the island was sadly in want of population. How could Henry Cromwell remedy that? Mr. Secretary hints that "a stock of Irish girls and Irish young men" would aid in peopling the new territory. Probably Thurloe was not wrong in his expectation; but suppose the "Irish girls" prefer wedlock in their own country? In that case, of course, it will be very unpleasant; but Henry Cromwell is prepared "to force" them to go; in fact, to transport them! The "Deputy" gives a capital excuse for this apparent cruelty, "it being so much for their own good." Accordingly, the council voted that "four thousand Irish girls, and as many boys," should go to Jamaica for their own good. We are not quite certain whether they were duly married before being shipped, or whether the courting was left to relieve the dulness of the voyage.

William Prynne was a very different character from Thurloe, "more sinned against than sinning," but yet an "exceedingly troublesome" gentleman. After leaving Oxford, and entering Lincoln's Inn, he became a vehement Puritan, and assailed with all his learning and invective theatrical exhibitions, and especially those elaborate representations called "masques," in which Ben Jonson delighted, and of which Milton's "Comus" is a poetic specimen. Prynne brought matters to a crisis in 1632, by publishing the "Histrio-Mastix; or, A Scourge for Stage-players." Surely, a man may write against theatres if it please him? Yes; but it so happened that the Queen, Henrietta Maria, had lately taken a part in one of these performances at Somerset House. Now, then, it was asked, could not the Attorney-General Noy persuade the Star Chamber that the book was a malicious libel on her most gracious majesty? Nothing easier in such a court. Prynne was, of course, found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of £3,000, to be expelled the University of Oxford and Lincoln's Inn, to be barred, to stand twice in the pillory, both his ears to be cut off, his book to be burned by the hangman, and its author to be imprisoned for life! No wonder that the Star Chamber was abolished a few years later by the indignant Parliament. In 1641 Prynne had his revenge. The Long Parliament met, declared his sentence illegal, and ordered his release. The people escorted him to London in triumphal procession; he became a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and M.P. for Newport, in Cornwall.

Prynne might now have lived quietly; but he

must be ever fighting some one. The king was in prison, and about to be tried, when Prynne published a work denying the legal right of the Parliament to try the sovereign. He was soon again in prison, and expelled from the House of Commons. His fate seemed a puzzle: first to be cruelly and unlawfully punished by Charles; then to be crushed by the enemies of the king. Perhaps the times were wrong, and not Prynne.

The Restoration came, and he was made Keeper of the Records in the Tower, where he surely might have lived in peace, amid mouldering mediæval parchments, the rich treasures of which his learning was well fitted to extract. The prudent General Monk, whose "golden" silence

had won for him riches and a dukedom, gave Prynne a hint to "be quiet."

Another of his furious pamphlets, against a bill in Parliament, seemed likely to involve him again in a State prosecution. Prudence, however, won this time: Prynne apologised, and went back to his loved records in safety.

He died, in his chambers in the Inn, 1669, during the quietude of the Long Vacation. Many benchers of the old Inn have passed through a more brilliant, but few through a more stormy life.

The stillness in the crypt has nothing in accord with the troubled times of Thurloe or Prynne; but it is near to a great arena where many a struggle yet rages! Within a few yards are the Courts of Chancery.

LOVE.

THY hand at rest, love, in my own,
Thy gentle breast reposed on mine,
What good shall then remain unknown,
What evil round my path shall twine?
The various ends that others seek,
The various ills that others flee,
Within myself however weak,
I'll compass or evade by thee.

Does wealth deserve a mortal's care,
Then mine will be a store untold;
The river of thy shining hair
Shall turn the sands of time to gold.
Does fame allure, with flag unfurled,
I'll fearless meet life's thrust and scar;
So, sweet, that thou before the world
Wilt be thy hero's battle star.

When thee I wear upon my breast,
What taint of earth its guest can be?
What danger e'er shall daunt the crest
Whose plumes are waving over thee!
If want of wisdom I should feel,
Then those dear lips shall make me wise;
If want of holiness, I'll kneel
And read of heav'n in those calm eyes.

While youth shall last, the raptured hours
Shall flit with bright and rapid wing,
As swallows flit among the flowers,
Where run the rivulets of spring;
When age shall come, its frosty sky
Shall give our vision ampler scope,
And through its starry night shall fly
On swifter wing the chimes of hope.

Look round, my own, on all things fair,
And see how each does cleave to each;
And how sweet Nature ev'rywhere
Upon her text of love doth preach;
How by some undiscovered sense
The little fondling flowers embrace,
And think the same omnipotence
With like condition framed our race.

Look up and watch the golden flocks
That pasture on the blue night sky—
See how they link their radiant locks,
And wander through infinity:
So our twin souls, when time is spent,
Some flame divine shall blend above,
But in this lower firmament
The light that links those souls is love.

A. HUME BUTLER.

SAVONAROLA.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.

PART II.

IT was customary for monks of the Dominican order to go about the country preaching. But when Savonarola's turn came, this amazing orator, who was yet to command every passion of his audience as perfectly as any man of modern days, utterly broke down.

As one of his admirers tells us, "he had neither voice, nor gesture, nor manner; he failed wholly and disgracefully." He tried again in Florence—not now a raw boy, but a cultivated man, twenty-five years old—and again his defeat was unredeemed by any spark of promise. Surely this is worth attention. Conceited young men who have neither modesty nor nervousness to



check them, and discouraged young men whom associations and debating clubs despise, may both learn a lesson from such cases. Only a coarse organisation is likely to submit to a stern test for the first time, without being grievously disconcerted; and the effect is most keenly felt by those finer sensibilities which respond to all thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever stirs our mortal frame—just because it is easier to put an organ or a harp out of tune, than a penny whistle or a tin flute. This is the reason why college prizes and competitive examinations sometimes go to the wrong man. We all know that Frederic ran away from his first battle, and Wellington was repulsed, and how Demosthenes and Sheridan and Mr. Disraeli were prevented from finishing their maiden speeches. Poor Savonarola went back to the cloisters in disgrace, and was quite silent for three or four years more; loved chiefly as a kindly teacher of the young, and remarkable for a winning "unction," by which lives were reformed. He had the happy art of rebuking swearing boatmen with whom he travelled, or wayfarers along the road, in a manner which touched and won them. And these years of obscure devotion were always remembered as the happiest of his life. But they were not to last.

At Brescia his real genius became all at once apparent, and the fervid powers of a great orator leaped into notice as suddenly and splendidly as lightning from a dull cloud. Some great conviction had evidently been seething in his bosom; silent hours of prayer had held him spell-bound; and wondering monks had surprised him, all unconscious of their presence, with his face like the face of an angel.

Now he stood forward, bold in the conviction of his God-given errand, to denounce and plead with his perishing brothers; to save them if he might; at least to deliver his own soul. Preaching like this the people had never heard; quite free from the pedantry of the times, yet refined and elevated by the mastery of all noble learning; steeped, moreover, in the language and spirit of that strange old Book, which is never digested and absorbed by soul and intellect at once without making a man great and strong. He preached from the Apocalypse. He told them that the Church would be purified, that Italy would come under a fearful scourge, that all would happen soon. They crowded round him; for he spoke like an ancient prophet, vehement, terrible, and inspired. Then the voice trembled, and the worn, stern face relaxed. He told them that God's judgments were conditional; that Nineveh was spared when she repented; he spoke of Christ; he wept, and so did they.

Again he denounced the scandalous lives of the princes and the clergy, and they saw that he feared none and flattered none. The wife of their own

prince used to come late, clattering through the crowd, gorgeous and complacent, and delighted to turn the eyes of the congregation upon herself. Savonarola told the people just as she entered that Satan was the one disturber of Christ's Church.

At last he was invited to Florence, then the capital of all the arts; and after his second sermon he is said to have announced that he should preach in that city for eight years. This was in 1490, and they burned him in 1498.

The prior of the convent died soon afterwards, and Savonarola was elected to his place. By a curious coincidence, the confraternity at Florence was just then released from its subjection to another at a distance, by a fiat of the Pope. Rome thus liberated the new prior from all allegiance but such as he might render to herself; and his sensitive conscience felt itself more than ever burdened by the state of morality in this great city.

The people of Florence had long been impulsive, violent, and democratic. Each section in turn drove out its opponents; incurred the odium of the populace, which thereupon transferred its sympathy to the exiles, and sank back like a broken wave, to rise again as rapidly. At this time, however, the great trading family of the Medici had craftily and silently risen to the first place among citizens, and then acquired a virtual sovereignty. Their enormous wealth made the city fairest in Italy, and their genius drew to it all graceful arts, all classical accomplishments. Lorenzo the Magnificent was now dictator in everything but name, and to him it was expected that Savonarola should give thanks for his elevation. But the prior peremptorily refused; and when he was told that grave scandal would follow such a breach of etiquette, he asked whether it was Lorenzo or God who conferred honour in the Church. It was God. "Then let us go forthwith into the chapel, and do our homage where it is deserved." However Lorenzo may have felt the slight, he wanted, upon any terms, the adhesion of so great a man as the preacher was already grown, and therefore went after mass into the convent garden, and walked among the flowers. The friars hurried off to their chief, and urged him to join the condescending ruler. No. If he were called for, if confession were desired, he was ready; otherwise, his books required him.

A last attack was made upon his avarice. When the collecting boxes were opened, a good number of gold pieces, new from the mint, were found; and there was no trouble in guessing what they meant, or whence they came. But Savonarola had already cut down the luxuries of the convent, with the hearty consent of nearly all his subjects; and now he said, quietly, that the silver was enough for their modest wants, and the gold should be handed over to the district visitors for the poor.

So things went on until Lorenzo's fatal illness,

when an event occurred that is somewhat variously told. We are only certain that, having received absolution from his sleek chaplains, the sick man's conscience, still disquieted, turned to the bold monk that could neither be overawed nor bribed. *His* absolution would be worth something. He was summoned, and he went; but the rest is doubtful. Some say that, having elicited a confession of faith, and a promise that life (should it be spared) would be spent anew, he demanded a pledge that all enemies should be forgiven; and when this was reluctantly granted, shrived the dying man. But others say that he further insisted on the restoration of the liberties of Florence, that Lorenzo turned away his head, and the prior strode sternly from his chamber, without granting the benediction of the Church. It is admitted that this latter story was not published until after the Medici were expelled; but this seems a slight ground for impeaching it, when we remember that no person dared publish such a dialogue while the family was in power.

The burden of Savonarola's preaching had been God's coming vengeance on a guilty land, and now the French king, Charles VIII., marched into Italy, with very doubtful aims. This was declared to be the coming of the scourge, the unsheathing of the sword of the Lord. Charles sincerely strove to conciliate young Medici, but this foolish youth opposed him when he might have fraternised, and then made disgraceful terms; for which Florence rose in fury and drove him into exile. The French entered the city to negotiate, but they entered in full force; while, on the other hand, men were ready in all the churches to ring tocsins of revolt, peasants waiting on the neighbouring hills for their summons to rush on the invader, and piles of stones on every house-top provided to crush them in their retreat. The king's terms were fearfully severe; and when they complained, he threatened to sound his trumpets. Thereupon a patriotic old man snatched the parchment out of his royal hand and tore it up, saying, "If these are your terms, we must try whose swords are sharpest. You can sound your trumpets, and we shall ring our bells."

The heart of an enraged city is a dangerous place for troops, and Charles was glad to draw off his army; but he was still encamped in the suburbs, and the fate of Florence hung in the balance, when Savonarola went to his tent, and addressed him in bold and menacing terms, as the messenger of a God who punishes the bloodthirsty man. This harangue made a deep impression, and conspired with certain political reasons to moderate the French demands. Florence was thus released from the yoke of the Medici, and left at liberty to frame a constitution for itself.

Strange as it seems to modern notions, it was not so unnatural then that a churchman should be

entrusted with this arduous task; for the priesthood had almost a monopoly of learning, and the schoolmen, in whom they were deeply read, speculating upon everything, had speculated much upon the duties of rulers and the constitution of states.

Therefore to Savonarola—monk, foreigner, suspected heretic as he was—were entrusted the liberties of Florence: and he proved himself worthy of the trust. Abolishing universal suffrage, which had made the fortunes of the Medici as it has since made the fortunes of the Bonapartes, he put the state into the hands of three thousand men, all of whom should be thirty years old, except those whom special merit should enfranchise. Over them was another council of eighty, and finally a seniores, who managed the executive, and were what we should call the ministers, the others being not unlike our lords and commons. He reserved to himself the pulpit only; but under a government which had proclaimed Christ to be its supreme head, the pulpit of a man like him was almost an equal engine for political as for personal morality.

In the few years which followed, his ascendancy was virtually undisputed; and they were beyond question the best and holiest years of Florence. Piles of foul pictures, books, and statues were freely burned in the public square, dress became modest and retiring, and the children sang hymns in the streets. Meantime it is necessary to add—what Roscoe and the "Encyclopædia Britannica" seem to have forgotten—that so far from being a rude and indiscriminate enemy of the arts, the reformer was one whom the foremost painters of Italy loved, honoured, and lamented. Charity also was carried to a wonderful extent, and the noblest ladies of Florence rejoiced to tend the sick and to comfort the sorrowful poor. The vices that grow up with luxury and wealth were driven into hiding-places, and crimes for which our own nation has no penalty were heavily visited in Florence. And high above all songs of praise, all hymns of love, all crashing of demolished infamies, was heard the great voice of the orator who wrought the change, pealing like a minster bell through the noises of a crowded street, booming across Florence and over Italy, bidding kings repent and hiring bishops tremble.

Savonarola seems in the following words to hint the duty of missions, when few people cared even for their own souls:—"God's forbearance," he says, "being long abused, his justice now draws near, demanding that the rulers be punished, since their base example pollutes all, and that the people of Africa and Asia be led to the knowledge of the truth."

He preached in the most explicit terms salvation by faith alone; and his definition of faith includes the very point which is still in most danger of

being forgotten. "In faith, everything depends upon appropriation. Say not only, 'Thou art King and God,' but, 'Thou art *my* God and *my* King, O my end whom I desire, my God whom I worship, and in whom I trust.' Every confidence in our own power is false; that confidence is just, and none other, which is based on the sufficiency of Christ Jesus; for his merit is boundless and of boundless power, its source is in the Godhead, it comes from that might which abideth in Jesus without measure." One of his grandest perorations personifies the Pope cursing him, and then apostrophises Christ, and asks which part he will take, the side of the drunken, adulterous, perjured, and blood-stained prelate, or that of the blameless and obedient follower of his own commands. In the heat of his great controversy, he said, "There are three weapons against which hell shall not prevail, nor all the world triumph; and they give certain victory to all good things: strong faith, importunate prayer, and patient waiting." It was most true. They win the battle always, but the combat is longer than he knew, and he was of the warriors who should fall.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

Still she may be crushed to earth. Victory for the right is very certain; but, alas! who shall live when the Lord doeth this?

But this earnest, fearless, pure-souled man had his weak point, which it would be foolish and untruthful to gloss over: Savonarola firmly believed himself to be a prophet. In his defence of this

wild idea, he so far takes us into his confidence, that we can explain the delusion pretty satisfactorily. At first, he says, the notion was unwelcome, and he held back; but God was as a storm blowing him into deep waters, and Oh, his calm and peaceful home, should he never see it more? He found no acceptance for his preaching until he gave freedom to the thought which burned within; and now he *knew* that it was divine; for were not sinners converted, a whole city cleansed; and were these the works of Satan?

We have before us, then, a man of earnest faith and intense imagination, absorbed in the terrors of ancient prophecy, and well aware that the same judgment tracks the same vices still, so that where-soever the carcase is—Jerusalem or Rome, Florence, Paris, or London—there shall the eagles be gathered together. He threatens punishment, the crowds are agitated, and the effects of his rhetoric react upon himself. Yet he can tell the people at this stage, that it is not he, but their own sins, which prophecy against them. But now, in dream and reverie the lurid outlines begin to be filled up with ghastly details, which rivet the attention and spoil his enjoyment of other themes. Every surmise appears like a premonition, and every realised conjecture is attributed to inspiration. Sooner or later these terrible forebodings leap forth like lava from the bosom so shaken with inner fires. Men who came to scoff are overawed and terrified, conversions become more numerous and wonderful than ever, and these tell him that the words he spoke were indeed given him by the Lord.

WILLIE'S WISH, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY EDITH WALFORD.

"**W**ILLIE, Willie," cried Mrs. Solitum, "how can you be so naughty? you're always quarrelling with your brothers and sisters. I never saw such a bad boy."

"Well, mamma," Willie bawled out, "I *hate* brothers and sisters; they're the greatest nuisances going; they're always spoiling a fellow's fun, or doing something or other that a fellow doesn't like. I wish I could have a room to myself, and have my toys up there, and do as I like. You may depend on it I should never care to see Polly and George and Carry again as long as I live."

Willie was in a great temper, but his mamma determined to cure him of his selfishness and general naughtiness by rather severe treatment; so she said, "Very well, Willie, you shall have your way, and we will begin at once."

Being the eldest, Willie slept in a room by himself. It was small, but airy, as it had a very large window in it, and a chimney.

Mrs. Solitum took Willie by the arm, and marched him up to this bedroom, and told him that he really might have that all to himself as long as he liked; and that when he wanted fresh air, he should walk round the garden when there was no one in it for him to quarrel with. She had all his own particular toys sent up to him—a pump, a steam-engine, a railway, a ship, and various other things of the kind; and there was Willie left, full of delight at the idea of being "monarch of all he surveyed."

First of all he took off his jacket and waistcoat, and turned head-over-heels on the bed about fifty times. He found this rather hot work, for it was in July, so at the fiftieth time he fancied he had had enough, and very hot, and panting like a thirsty dog, he gave up somersaulting for the present. It was only ten in the morning at this particular crisis in the state of affairs, and Master Willie rejoiced in the splendid day he had before him. Still without jacket or waistcoat, he went to the window to look out.

There wasn't very much to see, for it was a country place, and the road was two hundred yards from the house, which was surrounded by a large garden, bounded by a high wall. A bright idea struck Willie—soap-bubbles. He gave two or three little jumps and clapped his hands, as the thought flashed across his mind. He had a broken tobacco-pipe in a drawer, and he made some delightful soap-suds in an empty pomatum-pot. Oh! how gloriously the many-coloured bubbles floated about in the air over the garden wall—up, up, up, as high as the chestnut-trees, and then light as thistle-down they bounded on to a single leaf, and were lost for ever.

Even the making of soap-bubbles must have an end. You can't eat even bread and jam for ever, you know, children; so Willy, tired of his pretty game, threw his pipe out of window—careless, improvident boy that he was—upset his soap-suds on to a flower-bed just beneath him, flung himself into a chair, and kicked his legs about, for no other reason than because he had nothing better to do. He heard the children shrieking with laughter in the nursery below, and he didn't know whether it was the distance, or what it was, but their voices certainly sounded more musical than usual; and as he was a curious, inquisitive boy, he very much wondered, in fact was quite in a fidget, to know what they were all in such glee about.

Then dinner-time came. He was awfully hungry, and had been fully expecting the arrival of somebody for quite half an hour before the time.

Then his mamma came and unlocked the door, and said, "Willie, here is your dinner."

Willie took it, and said, "Come in, mamma."

"No, thank you," she replied. "I don't wish to interfere with your views of happiness, my dear."

Willie did not much like this answer; but he smothered his feelings, and said, "I was glad I was up here just now. What a row those children were making, to be sure!"

"Yes, I suppose so," said his mamma; "they were very pleased; your Uncle Herbert came to take them all to Walstow Lea in his wagonette. He asked for you, but I told him you were alone, and did not wish to be disturbed, and that I was sure the society of the other children would upset all the pleasure you might otherwise get from the drive."

"Oh! mamma," Willie began, with sobbing indignation.

But mamma was gone. He heard the key turn with a click, the rustle of a silk dress on the staircase, and he was once more in his much-coveted loneliness. Oh, how vexed to the soul he was to think what a treat he had lost. He could scarcely eat his dinner for thinking of it; every bit in his mouth almost choked him. After dinner he again resorted to the window. At a little distance Jem, the gardener's boy, was weeding a flower-bed.

"Jem, Jem," shouted Willie, "come here!"

Jem came. Willie produced a big ball, and asked Jem to have a game at ball with him out of window.

"All right," said Jem; and they at once fell to.

Soon Mrs. Solitum appeared at the door, as Willie could tell by the direction her voice came from.

"Jem," she said, "you mustn't play with Master Willie to-day; he wishes to be alone."

Jem slunk away, grinning, and returned to his flower-bed. Willie sat himself down on his bed in a desponding attitude, and cried like a baby. He did not believe, just at that time, that there was ever in the whole wide world such an ill-used, miserable creature. The sun got lower and lower in the heavens, the trees were clothed in gold, and the sunset clouds were radiant with brilliancy, but all was lost upon Willie; he was no poet, and the drowsy hum of bees, the lowing of the cows, and the song of a lark that was making her last evening ascent to heaven's gate, had no charms for his ears, any more than the thousand sights of nature delighted his eyes.

Just as the sun was beginning to shine on the other half of the world of men and women, and girls and boys, home came the children, laughing and singing, and bounding and shouting for very joy and enjoyment. Their pleasant voices came up to Willie in his solitude. By-and-by he heard the soft murmur of prayers—the prayers he never remembered being away from, when the children, in their little white night-dresses, knelt at their mother's knee, and asked God's blessing on all the world.

Willy was very sad. He had refused his tea; and when the voices of the children had died away in sleep, he heard the soft rustling of silk in the passage, and his mother's welcome voice saying—

"Willie, would you like some supper?"

"Oh, yes, please, mamma; and bring it up yourself, and come in."

All this was spoken in a very beseeching, quick, anxious tone. If Willie had been outside, he would have seen his mamma smile; but he only heard her go down-stairs.

Soon she returned. The key clicked in the lock. She entered, and stood before Willie with a plate of bread and butter and a glass of warm milk.

"Oh, mamma," Willie began, directly she entered the room, "let me say my prayers at your knee like the rest. Mamma—dear mamma, I have been such a naughty boy; I never want to be alone again."

"Oh," said his mamma. "Well, eat your supper, and undress, and I will hear you say your prayers."

So the little boy knelt down and said his prayers, and was folded in his mother's arms, and sobbed upon her bosom, and was kissed and comforted, and went to bed and slept peacefully, and woke in a happier frame of mind. And I promise you he never asked for solitude after that, but was always a great deal kinder to his brothers and sisters, and much less trouble to everybody.